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The Duties of a New Citizen.

Mann, Klaus

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combustion chamber. The men in front have temporarily blocked the fire door, so the natural draft of cooler air rushing in is stopped. The lamp therefore flares straight up from its bed of hot ash. In my case my boots, stout bluchers with pegged soles, fell apart when I got out, owing to the heat attacking the grease in the seams. Jim was almost all in from the gash in his face, into which he had rubbed hot dry ash by accident.

He found his bag of tools and nuts and almost as soon as he had straightened up and got his slush lamp hooked to a stay, the rod of the tube stopper came roaring through the tube, which was squirting hot water down the front of his boiler-suit.

Orders began to boom through the tubes. The chief and third were in the smoke-box in front. Now and then Jim caught sight of a gleaming eye or the glint of their lamp. The tube, it seemed, was split, so they would put on composition stoppers. The composition was a ball with a hole in it for the rod. When adjusted and the nuts at the end screwed up this stuff expanded and filled the tube, enclosing the split part. Jim heard yelps of "Are ye a' richt?" "Shooove on now, lad, like I told ye." "Get a move on, lad. Steam's goin' back."

Jim worked fast all right. He put on the washer, then the composition, then another washer, and finally the nuts for tightening. He gave the signal, two sharp bangs with a hammer, and put his wrench on the nut. The others at the far end began to screw up. Soon it grew taut. Jim began to screw too, the blood and sweat running down his face, his eyes smarting, his breath very short indeed. He began to feel that if they didn't let him out soon he would stop breathing. Someone had let the fire door close and there was no draft except through the hot fire bars. Every time he touched the hot sides of the combustion chamber he disturbed clouds of impalpable dust lying on the stay nuts. He heard the chief's voice through a tube.

"Come on oot, lad! Lie doon on tha plank! Put your gear on it first, now! Sing oot when ye're ready!"

It was very much like a premature cremation.

The Duties of a New Citizen

BY KLAUS MANN

A GENTLEMAN who arrived here the other day from some European country, dramatically kissed the soil of the United States, while the newspaper boys and the custom-house officers smilingly watched him. This was, to be sure, a rather touching and probably very spontaneous gesture. Yet it was somehow not quite the proper thing to do, and must have been slightly embarrassing, if not a trifle disgusting. For sober Americans

hardly expect any newcomer to embrace the soil of this country, especially not if the "soil" in question happens to be the dirty floor of a custom-house. What Americans actually do expect from us, however, is our good will and our serious endeavour to become decent, reliable citizens of this country.

There are some basic mistakes, rather frequent with certain "new citizens"—and I am especially referring to those immigrating from the German-speaking countries—mistakes and errors which all of us certainly should try to avoid. Let's examine just some of them!

It is silly or even shocking if a newcomer tries to be "more American" than any authentic American ever was. I definitely dislike to see people, who just came from Berlin, Vienna or Katowice, acting like "old New Yorkers." They make desperate efforts to speak some kind of dubious and fantastic slang, before they actually have learned to speak any English at all. They despise everything that is European, or could remind them of Europe. They pretend it is much more cosy to have dinner in an over-crowded Broadway cafeteria than to sit down in a restaurant. They noisily deny that they ever had any European tastes or habits. Europe, they say, is a filthy, narrow, wicked little something, while America is great—great—great, God's country, a sort of mechanized Garden of Eden. They exclaim, "Coca-Cola is much better than French Champagne!"—which is simply untrue. They are terribly eager to prove, through all of their gestures and remarks, that they are thoroughly American—and they don't quite succeed . . .

There is, however, another type of European newcomer, who is still less agreeable, for he is more pretentious. They are unable to drink a cup of coffee without sadly remembering the exquisite flavour of the coffee they used to enjoy in Vienna. They don't think New York is beautiful as it doesn't have any "historical atmosphere." Rockefeller Center may be all right; but they compare it, in a depressed and haughty manner, with certain little baroque churches in Bavaria or Italy. They keep on talking about Monmartre while they are walking on Times Square. They think Americans are very cool, quite naive, a little brutal, and always in a hurry. "As far as *we* are concerned, we are thoroughly European," they emphasize with melancholy pride. The point of the matter is that they are rather silly, and talk a great deal of nonsense.

I think it should be possible to become a good American, without denying and without over-emphasizing European traditions. It is all a question of BALANCE AND TACT, as most things in life really are. A new citizen can love America, without betraying anything that used to be fine and precious in his former European existence. The spiritual values and experiences which we are bringing along, from our "old countries," are the only gift we are able to offer to our new homeland. We must keep those values and experiences, and must develop them, and adapt them to the new conditions of life.

There are plenty of duties for a new American citizen. First of all, he should try to learn something about

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America, by reading American books—many of them, modern and classic—by making friends with American men and women; by travelling around as much as possible. It is advisable to fall in love with an American girl. It is necessary to understand the significance of big football games and the endless series of "funnies."

There are some crucial notions and ideas about which the newcomer should think with a great deal of zeal and seriousness. He must realize that Democracy is not a political slogan, but a great task, and a promise, and an adventure. And that Liberty does not mean just a nice word, but involves responsibilities.

The American way of life may have special features and characteristics, unknown or even surprising for the European. On the whole, however, it is not so very strange but just the human way of life. The duty of a new American citizen is, above all, to be a decent fellow. If he used to be a troublemaker or a crook, in Europe, he should quickly forget all about his old life, and should try to restart the whole business, once more, and under more promising conditions. If, however, he happened to be a "*good European*," on the other side of the Atlantic, in his former existence—he won't find it so very hard to become nor to be a good American.